# MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS of
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY

March, 1924

*Everything Men and Boys Wear*

Porter Clothing Co.

*Church Street at Fifth Avenue*

# CONTENTS

Snake Eyes ---------- 3
A Trick of Fate ---------- 7
Without the Name ---------- 10
Mardi Gras in New Orleans ---------- 12
Editorials ---------- 14
Poems ---------- 17
Alumni Notes ---------- 19
Locals ---------- 20
Exchanges ---------- 23
Clippings ---------- 24
Athletics ---------- 25

THE LATEST STYLES AT THE LOWEST PRICES

FACING CAPITOL BOULEVARD

Joe Morse & Co. Clothiers & Furnishers

619-21 CHURCH STREET

**WINDSOR PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS**

L. A. Bauman Co
SERVICE
QUALITY
ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS

The House of Kuppenheimer Clothes
419 Church Street
Nashville

PATRONIZE THE
**M. B. A. LUNCH ROOM**
MR. CALDWELL, Manager

**Harrison Brothers**
Three Old M. B. A. Boys
**FLORISTS**
617 CHURCH STREET

Established 1889
**BRADFORD'S**
FURNITURE, RUGS, ETC.
168-170 Third Ave., North Just Off Church Street
*You Are Invited to Our Salesfloors*

BIG MEN'S DEPARTMENT, FIRST FLOOR
YOUNG MEN'S SUITS
And the Neatest, Most Attractive Showing of Furnishings in the City
**CASTNER-KNOTT CO.**
*"The Best Place to Shop After All"*

*"Say It With Flowers"*
FROM
**GENY'S**
212 FIFTH AVENUE, NORTH

**MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY**
**FOR BOYS**
Prepares for Entrance Into Any College or Scientific School
An Experienced and Efficient Faculty
Careful Attention to the Individual Need of Each Student
*For Catalog or Information, Address*
**ISAAC BALL, A.M., Headmaster**
TELEPHONE MAIN 1833 NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

M. C. JENSEN C. N. ROLFE J. H. JECK W. W. BENZ
**JENSEN & JECK CO.**
**Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry, Class Pins a Specialty**
SUPERIOR SERVICE Church Street and Sixth Avenue

# Montgomery Bell Bulletin

Published by the Students of Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville, Tennessee. Price, $1.00 Per Year.

VIL. XXIII. MARCH, 1924. No. 4


## Snake Eyes

IT is a well-known fact that Nashville's colored society hangs out on and around Cedar Street. Otis Jackson Brown got off the train at the Union Station in Nashville and caught a car for the only street railway Transfer Station in the United States. He rode on into the station, climbed off leisurely, walked down Fourth Avenue past the Colored Y. M. C. A. and turned into Cedar Street. He saw staring him in the face a large electric sign,

The Manhattan
Eats what am.

Attracted by the sign, he walked over, entered, seated himself on a stool before a long counter, and ordered a barbecue sandwich and a glass of one-half of one per cent. While he was consuming the sandwich the proprietor of the place, a big negro with an excessively big and flat nose, addressed him.

"Yo' is a stranger here, aint yo'?"

"Yo' sho is good at guessin', brother. Looks like yo' all got a dead town here."

"My name is Chetney Black, jes' Chet for sho't. What's yourn?" came a second question.

"Dey calls me Otis. My name is Otis Jaction Brown."

"Well, Mista Brown, wif yo' permission I take it on myself to intertain yo' whiles yo' is here."

"All right, brother; lead us to dis intertainment stuff."

"I presumes dat yo' has to have a bo'din' place?"

"Sho'. Yo' all know whar I kin git one?"

"Yea. Sis Chadwick whut lives down de street a little piece takes in bo'ders."

"Thanks. I goes to see her."

"When yo' does see her, don' talk wif yo' mouf, 'cause she is de long distance champion gossiper of all de worl'. Yo' goes in and washes up and meets me here at eight o'clock. I got tickets to de Annual Darktown Ball of de Pool Shooters' Association."

"I sho' does 'preciate yo' kindness. Will be here sho'."

True to his word Otis walked into The Manhattan at eight o'clock. Chetney Black had changed his white apron for a black dress suit, but he didn't have a running chance when Otis walked in dressed in a long frock tail coat with white gloves and a carnation in his button hole, all this set off by a derby hat cocked on one side of his head.

"Well, I'se here. How is we gwine to get there?"

"Guess us rides in my flivver."

They climbed in and soon pulled up at a large building from which strains of music drifted, "Syncopated Handy's Orchestra," the foremost colored orchestra of the South. In five minutes they were mixed up with the crowd in the hall, and Otis had met the best negroes in the colored society of Nashville. Carolina Barnes, the best dancer on Cedar Street, came up to Chetney saying sweetly:

"I see yo' has a stranger with yo'. Wont you interduce me to him?"

"Sho. Brother Brown, meet Miss Barnes."

"Meetin' yo' sho' is a pleasure."

"I sho' is proud to meet yo', Mista Brown. Does yo' dance?"

"Yo' tellum, sister. That is sumptin us does like to do."

With that they swung off into a fox trot. In five minutes they had everyone watching them.

"He sho' do shake a wicked hoof," remarked Judge Harlow, the leading negro lawyer.

"So'. He do strut his stuff," answered Mose Vandyke.

Gideon Peters listened to this conversation with disdain. Jealousy burned deep in him. He had been dethroned as the best dancer of Darktown by a visitor and the visitor was even dancing with his girl.

Just before the prize fox trot, Gideon called Otis aside and said to him:

"I craves to make chin music with yo'. I want yo' leave my gal be. If yo' don' quit dancing with her, I'se gwine to change yo' address to de graveyard."

This left Otis open eyed with fear.

"I sho' aint gwine near dat woman," he said to himself as he walked toward a seat. He had not more than seated himself when he saw Carolina making her way toward him.

"Miss Fortune sho' am following me now. Golly, let me hide," he groaned.

He got up and moved away, but was overtaken by Carolina, who said in sugary tones:

"Does yo' and me dance together in dis prize fox trot?"

"I don' feel well," said Otis, with a sickening feeling.

"Aw, please do. Us will win it sho'."

"Maybe so. But I might win a funeral too."

At that moment the orchestra began playing and Carolina seizing Otis by the hand pulled him out on the floor.

"Carolina, yo' sho' does make me feel skeered."

But she was lost in the harmony of the music and didn't hear his wail. He and Carolina were the best couple on the floor. All during the dance he would dart glances at Gideon and his partner and would catch him glaring at them as if he could kill them The dance gradually dwindled down to Gideon and his partner and Otis and Gideon's former girl. The decision was close but the judge decided that Otis and Carolina were the winners. They received a box of candy amid applause, but Otis looked extremely uncomfortable.

"Otis, yo' sho is a delightful dancer."

"Maybe I is, but I sho' aint no fighter."

Gideon walked over.

"Brother Brown," said he, "us has got a bone to pick."

Otis turned to Carolina.

"I's about to make a long journey. Good-bye."

Before he could say more Gideon Peters had him by the arm leading him outside.

"How come yo' makes talk wif my gal after I warns yo'? An' yo' even had de nerve to dance de prize dance wif her."

"Sho, Brother Peters, I didnt mean no harm."

"I'se a good min' to hit yo' so hard dat yo' is gwine to become aint."

"Golly! Hard luck sho' do live on dis street. S'posin' us plays a game of 'gallopin' dominoes' to find out whether us fights or not."

"Aw right. Ef I wins five bucks offen you we fights; ef yo' win five offen me, we don'."

"Lessee de bones." Otis reached for them, much relieved, because he knew his luck with the cubes.

He picked them up and laid a dollar down, which was covered by his adversary. Then holding the dice tightly in his hand he made the customary motions about his head but was promptly stopped by Gideon.

"Yo' better shake and rattle dem dice, lessen yo' wants to wear a wooden overcoat."

"Come on seben; us needs yo' bad," wailed Otis as he rolled the bones on the ground. First a four appeared on one and then a three on the other a little later.

"Hot dam! Baby, yo' sho' does min' well."

He let the two dollars lie and it was covered by Gideon.

"Come on seben. Yo' can't do no better dan repeat."

But when the dice stopped they showed a one spot on each.

"Snake eyes! Sho' luck has flewed away now."

Gideon let the four lie and it was covered by Otis, which made the last of his five dollars.

Gideon Peters taking the dice in his big hand shook them a second and then rolled them out on the ground. One of them almost stopped on a one spot, then rolled over to a two, the other was spinning like a top. Otis watched

it breathlessly till finally it slowed down and stopped with five spots showing.

Gideon made a lunge at Otis, but he was too late. Otis was up and running for dear life toward the depot. He was stopped by a cop:

"Say, nigger, what's your hurry?"

"I was runnin' to stop a fight," said Otis.

"Who was going to fight?"

"Me and another nigger."

PAUL V. SYKES, '24.

---

# A Trick of Fate

As I, Pete Thompson, moved toward home in my coupe, I was thinking if you could understand what I was thinking you would feel sorry for me. I was thinking why had I kept on asking her. Why could not I be satisfied when she told me "no?" She had to tell me all these things and make me mad, so mad I could hardly control myself. I remember almost the exact words. How could I forget them when my whole life hung on them?

She said, "I cannot marry you, because: you smoke; I think you drink; you are untruthful; you are a coward; you are high tempered; you sponge on your father for everything; you don't take advantage of your opportunities; and besides all these I want a man that is big and will do something in this world."

Why had she told me all this? I asked her to think it over and answer; but I did not mean her to drag me to the edge of an abyss and give me a shove. The worst part was that this was all true. Oh, God! Why had I not thought of it before? I would graduate from college in June, but not honestly. Why had it not occurred to me before that it was not funny to cheat on exams. Even she had laughed when I told her how I got by with the lessons; but back of that smile there was contempt.

As I went on down the avenue, scarcely noticing what I passed, I decided to reform. I stopped the car and wrote

down all I remembered of what she said. I would go away and use this for my law to go by. Should I tell her I was going, and where? I thought not. I hardly knew where, and the suspense would do her good. I drove on home, put the coupe in the garage. Good-bye, old coupe! Pop had always let me have his car, but on my last birthday he gave me the coupe, I liked it better; but that was sponging. He bought the gas and tires, so I would have to leave it. I believe it would be better to tell Pop I was going; not all, but a few of the reasons. I might even tell him I was sick. I changed my mind on the last point because it would be untruthful. I made up my mind to sleep soundly that night so I would be refreshed to start out the next day. But I rolled and twisted all night.

I got up early next morning and after breakfast I called Pop off to the side. He must have thought I was after money, because he gave me ten dollars before I said a word. I told him some of my story and that I was going away to try to build myself up and stop sponging on him.

He said, "You must not stop till you graduate; then you can take a trip somewhere; but if you can not stay, don't think I will object. I am tired of your foolishness anyway."

I left about ten that day for Memphis. As I did not have much money, I stayed at one of their cheaper hotels. This gave me a bad impression of Memphis. I had enough money to buy a ticket to that wonderful city, the Athens of the South. I got there the next night. I was so tired I hardly noticed the hotel I stopped in. The next morning after breakfast I bought a paper and saw an ad: "Wanted, unskilled laborers; N., C. and St. L. Shops; 64 cents an hour." This looked like a job that would help make a man out of me, so I went out. I got a job as assistant to a boiler maker. I found me a good, cheap place to board and was saving some money.

For two years I stayed. I was growing a lot stronger and harder. I was eligible to a promotion to boiler maker, but I was getting tired of it all. Pop did not know where I was, and maybe Marge would not care even if I had grown three inches taller and gained forty pounds. I could swing

a twenty-pound hammer all day now. It occurred to me often to quit and go home, so on January 1, 1924, I quit. I had five hundred dollars in the bank. I took it all out, bought a ticket and went home, to my old home town. When I got there I bought a new outfit, coat, suit, hat, shoes, and everything. I got "fixed up" nicely at a barber shop. I wanted to make a big hit when she first saw me. I even let my thoughts run so far as, "maybe she will run off with me and get married." I never had thought of going home first. I had to see her. I got her a nice, big box of candy and some roses I hired a taxi and rode out. Wouldn't it be a surprise? The taxi pulled up in front of her house at about two o'clock. I hopped out and almost ran up to the front door. When the maid came she offered me a seat and said that Marge would see me in a minute. I could not be still. I picked up a letter on the table, not noticing what I was doing. I saw it was open and had no name on it. I opened it and read:

"Mr. and Mrs. George T. Night invite you to attend the marriage of their daughter, Marjory, to Mr. Robert T. Sullivan, at their home, 1724 State Street, on the evening of January 5, at eight o'clock."

Just as I finished Marge came in and cried, "Oh, Pete, you sweet thing, did you come home to see me married?"

I calmed my nerves and answered sweetly, "Yes, dear, and see what I brought you."

CARVER LACKEY, '24.

# Without The Name

The family of Yates was well known throughout the southwestern part of the United States. The family had moved from Virginia, bringing forth with them the aristocratic idea of their ancestors.

History is filled with their exploits, and this family had suffered their full share of hardships endured by the Colonies and afterwards the ups and downs of the "New Republic." But all of these we pass over to the year 1895 and the eighth heir of this name.

At this time there lived in a small southwestern town the family of John J. Yates, the seventh upholder of that name. He was one of those characters that we often read about, but seldom see. He had the same old aristocratic ideas of his forefathers, the same old pride of the name.

His son, Henry Yates, the eighth heir of the name, did not receive from his father these aristocratic ideas which that family had so long cherished. His behavior was popular and wild. He was called a ne'er-do-well and had no ambition. Ever in front in fights, he would be the one to start them or the first to get into them and usually came out with his share of the spoils.

It was in the autumn of 1895 when the announcement was made that Henry Yates had been kicked out of college. This threw Governor John J. Yates—he was now governor of this State—into a fit of anger. His son had marred the family name many times, but he would not disgrace it any longer.

Henry Yates arrived at home in high spirits. His father met him at the front door.

"You have disgraced us. You are the first that has blackened the name, and you are no longer a Yates," he said.

"Well, who am I then? I am your son," Henry spoke up cheerfully.

"I have no son," shouted the father, and then slammed the door in the boy's face.

Thus Henry Yates was cast out to seek his fortune under the name of Henry Welding. He did not change. He was arrested for being mixed up in a broil and was sentenced to five years in the State Prison.

In the early periods the people's only thought toward criminals was to punish them. Sometimes criminals went to the gallows for a small offense, and the ones that escaped the death penalty were severely punished.

The people gradually began to see their mistake. They were experimenting with a new cure. The criminals were sent to what was supposed to be a clean prison and were supposed to be treated like human beings. This was the period of prison reform.

Welding was thrown into a cell of the State Prison. What a surprise he received! Instead of a nice, clean place, he found himself in a dark, dirty building with a foul odor. The warden in charge was a drunken dog, with his greasy face stubbed with black whiskers. He carried a lash around with him and delighted in wrapping it around some prisoner's back. His men, drinking, cursing, roaring, quarreling, dancing, were never sober at any time except on visitors' day and when a high official was due to arrive for inspection.

Henry Welding was filled with terror, not for himself, for he was no coward, but for his comrades, the inmates of the prison—not prisoners, but slaves who were being killed.

If a man had to serve a long term in this foul place, he was doomed to catch some kind of disease.

The blood of his forefathers boiled in him. He was a Yates. That fighting American spirit arose in him. He now realized his ambition was to devote his time to the prison reform. But how could he do anything? He would not go to the Governor of the State. If he did, he knew his father would not listen to him.

How could he tell the people of the State the graft in the prison and the treatment of the prisoners? He sat in

his dingy little cell day after day thinking. Finally he decided that the newspaper would be his weapon. These skulking politicians could not silence a good newspaper.

He finally served his term and went out to fulfil his mission. Five years after his release from the State Prison Henry Welding was editor in chief of the largest paper in that State, "The Eyes of the People." He woke the people up, made them realize the cruelty to the prisoners, and how their taxes were being personally used by the prison grafters.

Thus Henry Yates had realized his ambition by cleaning up his State?

This shows that it makes no difference who you are; but it is what you do that counts.

LEHMAN LUSKY, '24.

---

## Mardi Gras in New Orleans

Mardi Gras is a festival which comes immediately before Lent. During Lent everybody is supposed to sacrifice something, so it is for his reason that the people of New Orleans make merry on Mardi Gras. Another reason is that the majority of the citizens are French, and it is the custom to observe Mardi Gras in France. On Mardi Gras almost everybody wears a costume of some kind with a mask, and the person who can make the biggest fool of himself is the most admired. Even the negroes wear costumes like the rest and act in the same way.

It is in the midst of this kind of scene that one wakes up on Mardi Gras. After breakfast everybody goes downtown to see the parades and everyone else—the result of which is one immense traffic jam, which resembles a circus more than anything else. The sidewalks are abandoned as hopeless to try to walk on, and the streets are crowded with people, so that it is almost impossible to drive an automobile. If you drove your car

down, another difficulty would be to find a parking space near where the parade would pass. You are not allowed to park close enough to the parade to see it plainly from your car, so it is necessary to join the crowd and find a place near the curb from which you can see the floats.

The parade, like most other parades, is almost always late, and while you are waiting for it to come you will probably notice some of the masquers who are passing by. Some are covered all over with cards, others with patchwork, and many younger people are dressed in cowboy, policeman, and clown suits. Besides these there are many boys selling popcorn and peanuts. Ordinarily peanuts cost five cents a bag, but on Mardi Gras the price sometimes gets as low as four bags for five cents. If you get any of these, however, you might just as well have put your nickle in a broken slot machine, for there are only about six burnt peanuts in a sack.

At last the motorcycle policemen ride by and clear the street for the parade. Next comes the wrecking outfit to replace any broken wires or anything of that sort which may stop the parade. This is closely followed by the pages and banner-bearers of Rex, the king of the carnival. Then Rex is seen, seated on his throne (the first float), bowing majestically to the applauding crowd. The floats now pass by in regular order, each float having a herald who carries a sign bearing the name of the float.

After the parade there is a general rush in every direction, and the traffic jams are indescribable. I remember one Mardi Gras when we went about five miles out of our way so that we might get home in time for dinner.

The night before Mardi Gras there is a parade called Proteus which is said by many to be the best because of the way the colored torches light up the street at night. There is another parade which follows Rex and is also a very good one. In each parade there is an average of about twenty floats.

E. J. Dent, Jr., '25.

THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Entered at Postoffice at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable Business Manager, M. B. A. Bulletin.

JOHN A. BALL ---------- *Editor*
BAXTER G. MOORE ---------- *Assistant Editor*
WM. B. HUSSEY ---------- *Literary Editor*
HOWARD S. EATON ---------- *Locals*
JULIAN MAYO ---------- *Athletics*
LEHMAN LUSKY ---------- *Alumni*
BARTON JONES ---------- *Exchanges*
DORRIS DAVIDSON ---------- *Staff Artist*
DEAN W. BRADFORD ---------- *Business Manager*
RODERICK MURRAY ---------- *Assistant Business Manager*

The National Oratorical Contest is the biggest thing of its kind that has ever been staged in America. We doubt if any other contest ever arose from more genuinely patriotic motives. Its secondary purpose is to cultivate among the future citizens of America the art of public speaking, which has always been of great value under democratic governments. Its primary purpose is to combat unworthy ideals of government by bringing American citizens into close acquaintance with those great men who laid the foundations of this republic, and also to cause young America to know, respect, and de-

fend our Federal Constitution. Could there be a more worthy object?

As time passes, reports come drifting in from various quarters of the country showing the tremendous interest which has been aroused in the matter. More than a hundred Tennessee schools will have representatives in this contest. Montgomery Bell Academy will put its best efforts into this—we trust, with success. All honor to the men who have started this movement. It must not fail.

---

School Spirit. Think, fellows, what those two words mean. What is a boy without it? What is he to his school? One who has this cardinal quality is truly a valuable asset to his school. He can understand and appreciate what his school is doing and can enter whole heartedly into any enterprise, athletics, or activities fostered by his school. One lacking in this respect is a drag and a rotten spot in the sound trunk of the school body. He is selfish, sacrificing school interests for his own. If one does not have school spirit, what can he care for his school? He is lacking in patriotism for his school and is no more to be desired than one lacking in patriotism for his country. There are few, very few instances where a student of M. B. A. has beeen found lacking. Let's all get our full share of M. B. A. spirit, and don't hesitate to show it.

---

## TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OUR PRIVILEGES

Fellows, do you realize the benefits of a good education? It seems that there are very few of us that do. We have innumerable advantages—advantages that not many have today—and here we are throwing them to the four winds. It is not fair to your parents, your school, or yourselves. The sooner we come to realize this and start taking advantage of our many privileges, the better off we will be.

Here we are going to school, day in and day out, the whole school year round, and then when its over—what is the result? Why some of us have flunked in practically

every study; our parents have, you might say, thrown a lot of good money into the river, and our School has received a black eye. And why? Simply because we have not thought enough of ourselves to put in an hour or so a day on our studies. It is not right for our parents to give us all these advantages, probably in some cases with great sacrifice, and for our teachers here to put out their very best efforts in order to teach us what is right, and then for us to look upon it as some great punishment and carelessly not take advantage of it. If we are not going to study, we might as well be clean about it, quit wasting a lot of precious time, get a job, and go to work.

But right there is where the hitch lies. What kind of job can we get without a good education? The first question we are asked in applying for a job is, "Have you graduated from school?" And if you have not, how quick do you get the job? Someone who has done this is preferred to you. You may get a chance to start at the bottom, but with a little more schooling, look how much higher you might have started, or at least how much more speed you can make. The sooner we realize this the better off we will be. So let's turn over a new leaf. We often say we will, but let's do it this time. Think it over. It pays in the long run.

THOMAS J. CRANCH
Old M. B. A. Man
With
FINLEY'S SHOP
Maxwell House Bldg.

VANDERBILT SERVICE SHOP
CLEANING, PRESSING and BARBER SHOP
1927 Broad St. Phone Hem. 380
Work Called For and Delivered
Nashville, Tenn.

## THE WATERMILL

We may learn a lesson from the watermill
That stands on the creek at the foot of the hill.
It has stood there for years on its mision of love,
Grinding with water that comes from above.
Let's grasp the thought and hold it fast:
The mill never grinds with water that's past.

It grinds corn and wheat into meal and flour
To feed the hungry of every hour;
But the water goes on to another mill
And never returns this pond to fill.
Let's grasp the thought and hold it fast:
The mill never grinds with water that's past.

Past opportunities never return;
This is a lesson we all should learn.
Let's do our work without a sigh
Before opportunity passes by.
Let's grasp the thought and hold it fast:
The mill never grinds with water that's past.

Dean W. Bradford, '23.

---

## DEATH

Does death to you mean naught but sadness,
Something far beyond that we can't see?
Does it to you mean sad farewells,
A dream of unknown horror?
Oh, not to me.

When I have spent my days on earth,
And at the last my time has come to go—
For my loved ones to stand close round and weep
In sad leave-takings—oh, I would
Not have it so.

It is to me like the setting of a sun,
Or like cool moonlight sifting through the leaves.
To me death is not hard to look upon—
'Tis but the passing of a soul—but, oh,
The thoughts it leaves!

The thought of tired eyelids gone to sleep,
Stilled breath and quiet pulse and folded hands;
Not the thought of a fear-flung soul
Searching in vain for peace
In far off lands.

The thought of peace that comes with death,
To me it is not sad, but sweet;
And while my body lies in quiet rest
My Maker and my soul,
Ah, they shall meet.

Howard S. Eaton, '24.

---

## ASSURANCE

Through fog and cold
The morning bloomed;
Diffused with light the shiv'-ring trees,
Where heavy darkness did enfold.

For all night long
A tempest blew;
With darkness clogged in every vein,
Each limb had glazed before the dawn.

And still the air
Remained as cold
As that dark night before had been,—
Unchanged with all the morning glare.

Yet when I came
To one lone tree,
Three robins sat, with their red breasts
Against the sky,—each one aflame.

Dorris Davidson, '25.

## THE EVILS OF GOLF

"Mama, who are them men there,
With fuzzy stockings on their legs,
Carryin' them there bags o' sticks
And knocking them things what look like eggs?"

"They are only golfers, child,
What spend their lives around their clubs.
Some manage to keep pretty good,
But most of them are only 'dubs'."

"Look at that man what missed his ball,
Chee, mama, aint he wild!"
"S'hush, don't speak so loud, you brat;
That's your father there, my child."

"Why father died way back last year;
He aint been home in weeks."
"Child, he's been only at his club
With his drivers, clubs and cleeks."

"Well, here he comes to speak to me;
He's coming home at last.
He used to come home once a year,
But now, them days is past."

"Don't shrink from your dear father;
Don't draw away, my child.
Come, baby, he wont bite you;
All them golfing guys look wild."

James Ransom, '25.

---

## MEMORIES

I said good-bye; and yet, and yet,
Throughout the space of all my days
I shall not utterly forget
Your eyes, your lips, your quiet ways.

And never shall a summer pass,
Sun set or silvered with the moon,
But that the ghost of one that was
Shall haunt me like an olden rune.

The days flit by on gray moth wings;
Beneath them memory lies deep.
They flit like leaves from other springs
Across the dream we did not keep.

Howard S. Eaton, '24.

---

## THE SHEIK

The Sheik, so we learn,
Was a man very stern,
A leader of his band,
Who ruled by his might,
If need be would fight,
A person called a man.

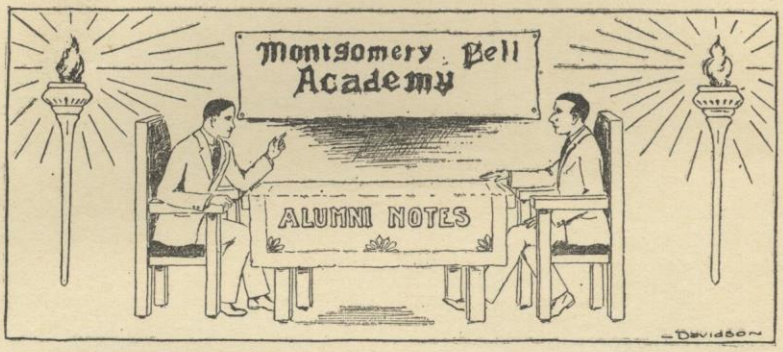
His ways of a cave man,
Were those of a brave man,
A lady's man in a way,
Who loved by the moonlight,
And not by the spotlight,
As the modern Sheik of today.

The Sheik was a lover,
A cave man wooer,
The women all agree,
And not a lounge lizard,
With hair nicely scissored,
Whose habit is supping tea.

The Sheik sure enough
Was just a bit rough,—
Unlike the "Sheik" so-called today,
For while usually quiet
He did love a riot,
And you'd better allow him his way.

So, girls, if your lover,
Some day you discover
Is a nice little boy and so meek,
Don't keep him around
For a tea supping hound,
But get you a sure enough Sheik.

Edward B. Young, '24.




We regret to record the death of Harris Hubbs, '20, of Tiptonville, Tenn. He was a member of the football and baseball squad of nineteen-nineteen.

After finishing school he became a loyal alumnus.

* * *

We wish to thank Mr. William Martin, Mr. Thomas Joy and several other alumni for their help afforded us in sending our basketball team to the Cotton States Tuornament at Auburn, Ala.

* * *

John H. DeWitt, '90, was re-elected president of the Tennessee Historical Society at their last meeting in Nashville.

* * *

Julian Scruggs, '20, of Franklin, Tenn., was married to Miss Cynthia Wall, of Franklin, on Wednesday, February 13.

* * *

The engagement of Mizell Wilson, '16, to Miss Elanor Mogan, of Pittsburg, Pa., has been announced. The wedding will take place in April.

* * *

Fred G. Lowe, '21, is connected with F. G. Lowe & Co., local wholesale fruit dealer.

* * *

H. Clay Anderson, '76, is with the James Sanford Collecting Agency.

Mr. Tom Joy, '07, was elected president of the Nashville Boosters at their meeting March 10. He succeeds Mr. Williams, who was made director general.

* * *

J. H. Crowdis, '04, is cashier of Caldwell & Co., local bankers.

* * *

Myers Anderson, '21, is with the Riddle Co. of this city.

* * *

Clarence Anderson, '21, is with Mizell, Murray & Co., wholesale grocers.

* * *

These brothers are loyal alumni of the school and are always at our games.

* * *

Howard Reeves, '21, is working for the Standard Oil Co.

* * *

Ed Frank, '15, is connected with the Frank Clothing Co.

* * *

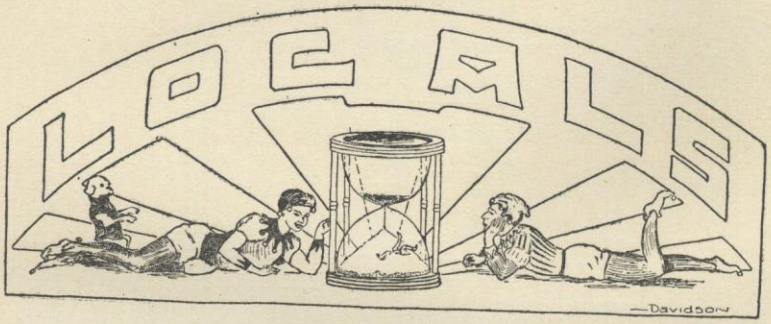
Fred T. Schlater, '19, is director of the Nashville Boys' Club activities.

* * *

In Mr. William Martin, founder of the Martin Athletic Medal, the school has a worthy friend. Mr. Martin is not an alumnus, but his interest in school activities makes us consider him one of us.

* * *

Nor can too many laurels be handed to Mr. Tom Joy. Being an alumnus and a member of the Board of Trustees makes him "here in double trust."




It looks as if Rollie, the speed merchant, has been short circuited out in Belmont Heights.

* * *

While in Auburn the basket ball team were the guests of Beta Eta Chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Never have we met with a finer lot of fellows. They turned their house completely over to us, and did everything in their power to make us feel at home. We will never forget their hospitality.

* * *

It is rumored around that Jim Riddle and Pete Sawyer ran the Indians off M. B. A. knob so that Mr. Ball could erect the first school building. Those were the good old days.

* * *

Mr. Ball: "Radebaugh, what is that you are rolling along the floor?"

Radebaugh: "A little wheel, 'Fessor."

Mr. Ball: "Did it come out of your head, or did you just find it?"

* * *

Plute—What kind of meat is this?

'Fessor C.—Spring-lamb.

Plute—I thought so. I've been chewing on it all recess.

Spider Walker: "Plute, are you sick very often? I should think you would take cold easily."

Plute (somewhat surprised): "Why so?"

Spider: "Well, there's so much of you on the ground."

* * *

The Geek who doesn't believe that stars have an influence upon a man's life ought to move out to Hollywood.

* * *

Mr. Cherry: "What an awful gash you have on your head!"

Porter: "Oh, it's next to nothing, next to nothing."

* * *

Unlucky Motorist, having killed the lady's puppy: "Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner: "Sir, you flatter yourself."

* * *

Teacher: "Who knows what races have black eyes?"

Little Mary: "Sheiks and prize fighters, teacher!"

* * *

Professor: "You seem very very sleepy, were you out late last night?"

"Skip": "I had to sit up with a baby, sir."

Professor: "Oh, I see. How old was the baby?"

Kennedy Jones has made a contribute to history: "The delegates to the constitutional convention met in Philadelphia to insure to our country peas and posterity."

* * *

Young lady at Murfreesboro "Tournament to party from Nashville: "So you are from M. B. A. Do you know Cot Murray?"

"Yes, we know him well."

One of Nashville party: "I wonder how Cot, as little as he is, gets known so far away from home."

Another: "O, well, he's little, but he's loud."

Young lady, delightedly: "O, yes. Isn't he loud?"

* * *

Help Wanted! We heard Ball M. the other day inquiring for "Cooper's Cottonstocking Tales."

* * *

Aubrey to Pete: "Get away from here, you old ourang-outang."

Pete: "You are a ourang-outang yourself."

Aubrey: "I'll bet you don't know what a ourang-outang is."

Pete: "I bet I do. It's a small, seedless orange."

* * *

It is reported that the Secretary of the Eewing Society, finding his name on the roll, called it, and not hearing any response, marked himself absent.

* * *

City championship in football.

City championship in basketball.

Let's repeat it in baseball.

Chili and Chin may not be "tea hounds," but just the same they have afternoon dates.

* * *

The latest report from Paris tells us that short skirts are coming back. Oh, joy!

* * *

How they stand in the Sheiks' race, (no one but ladies being allowed to vote): Mauldin, 10 votes; Hardin, 8; Riddle, 7; Mulloy, 5.

Owing to evidence produced by "Chili" Hardin "the Great Sheik" was barred from the race, as he has received money, which makes him a professional. He also wishes to state that the movement to crown the champion amateur Sheik of M. B. A. has his heartiest support.

* * *

The following boys request that their nick names be changed:

"Knit" Young; from "Knit" to "660."

"Chin" Johnson; from "Chin" to "Rain-in-the-face."

"Chili" Hardin; from "Chili" to "Starbuck."

"Cot" Murray; from "Cot" to "Wrinkle."

"Rudolph" Mulloy; from "Rudolph" to "Boncilla."

"Sat" Phillips; from "Sat" to "Squirt."

* * *

Come on fellows, let's everybody go out for baseball. Let's make it a success. We can do this only by supporting the team. The first thing is to get a good team, then we can get the support. Let's everybody try for the team.

We Are Showing the Season's Latest Styles and Shapes In

**HATS AND CAPS**

**COLLARS WRIGHT'S HOSIERY**

**NECKWEAR Corner Fourth and Union St.**

Cot Murray was seen by all out looking for Louise Kemper.

* * *

Wrinkle Murray is now dealing in sugar. He has on hand at present about 95 pounds and says it is the sweetest sugar he has ever seen.

* * *

Professor to student: "Why were you late to class this morning?"

Student: "I was just trying to convince X——, sir, that he was descended from a monkey. But I couldn't make him see it."

Professor: "You wouldn't have much difficulty in proving that to anyone else."

Student: "That's a sockdolager, 'Fessor—a solar plexus!"

Professor: "O, no; only truth in de-tail."

* * *

It seems to us that the title of our Chief Executive today should be changed from President to *Vice* President.

* * *

Slim Young Thing to "Sweetie": "Will you please help me with this conjugation? I seem to be all mixed up."

"Sweetie": I don't know much about Latin, but it seems to me it goes this way: amo, amas, a match."

Slim Young Thing: "O, Sweetie, dear! This is so sudden!"

* * *

## A SKATER

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the jail door slowly passed
A skater.

The judge had told him once before,
"Go; but be seen in here no more,
O skater."

His father, when he got him home,
With stick did crack upon the dome
The skater.

But a stick he did not fear
For he had skated on his (r)ear,
This skater.

Carver Lackey, '24.

* * *

## THE AFTERWORLD

By the fire I sit and see
The pages of my mind unfurled,
And sometimes in my visions comes
A picture of the afterworld.

I see bright golden castles
With gleaming spires and domes,
Where departed spirits of this world
Make their after homes.

Again I see dark hallways,
Where spirits in dark array
Roam the dusky corridors
Waiting for Judgment Day.

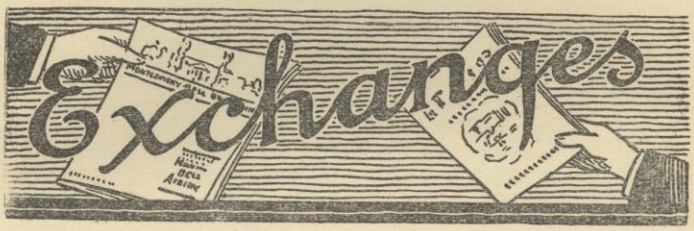
And as I sit, I wonder,
When my time comes to die,
To castles or dusky corridors
Shall my lone spirit fly.

But must my time I waste
Along that unknown shore,
For my spirit will go when I die
Where spirits have gone before.

Moultrie Ball, '27.

*"A Flavor You Can't Forget"*

IN THE "DOUBLE-BALL" BOTTLE




The Bulletin is pleased to acknowledge receipt of the following papers:

Columbia Jester, Columbia University, New York City.

The Delphian, Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

The Echo, Hume Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Bayonet, T. M. I., Sweetwater, Tenn.

The Weekly Junior, Fort Worth High School, Fort Worth, Texas.

The Normalite, Middle Tenn. State Normal, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Hilltop, G. P. I., Gallatin, Tenn.

Purple & White, Branham and Hughes School, Spring Hill, Tenn.

Purple and Gold, Clarksville High School, Clarksville, Tenn.

The Signal, Columbia High School, Columbia, Tenn.

The Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Purple Parrot, Red Wing High School, Red Wing, Minn.

The Wigwam, Yakima High School, Yakima, Washington.

The Hyphen, Ward Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.

The Babbler, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Cardinal, Mayfield High School, Mayfield, Ky.

The Carpetbagger, Vanderbilt University, South Bend, Ind.

The Juggler, Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind.

The Tattler, Boy's High School, Atlanta, Ga.

The N., C. & St. L. News Item, Nashville, Tenn.

The Triangle, Peoples-Tucker School, Springfield, Tenn.

The Scout, Danville Military Institute, Danville, Va.

The Pegasus, Eureka College, Eureka, Ill.

The Cavalier, Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn.

The Grove Comet, Grove High School, Paris, Tenn.

The Oriflamme, St. Cyril College High School,, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

IN OUR OPINION

The Purple Parrot—The cuts and printing of this paper are unusually good. An exchange department would be an interesting addition.

The Hyphen—A good weekly of school news. Some more jokes would certainly add life to the paper.

**WELCH'S BARBER SHOP**

*For Those Who Are Particular*

**Four First-Class Barbers** **16th Near Broad**

# Clippings

She: "Are you a stag tonight?"
He: "Yes, I haven't any doe."
—Cardinal.

* * *

Mitchell: "What was Lady Macbeth doing in Scene II. of Act IV?"
Edgar: "Cleaning Mr. Macbeth's clothes."
"How do you get that?"
"She said, 'Out Damned Spot.'"
—Signal.

* * *

"I'm quite a near neighbor now," said Mr. Bore. "I'm living just across the river."
"Indeed," replied Miss Smart, "I hope you'll drop in some day."
—Signal.

* * *

Oh, the lightning bug is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He travels through this world
With his headlight on behind.—
Exchange.

* * *

Cop (to man having trouble with wife): "Here—here. Cut it out or I'll arrest you.|'
Man: "You just think you'll arrest me. I know better. It will be a rescue."—Bayonet.

"Pretty soft," said the freshman, as he scratched his head.—Exchange.

* * *

First Inebriate—Hic—I'd like to—hic—go home.
Second Inebriate—That's a—hic—split infinitive.—Jester.

* * *

"Name a collective noun."
"A vacuum cleaner."—Purple Parrot.

* * *

"She has Franklin teeth."
"How come?"
"Air cooled."—Scout.

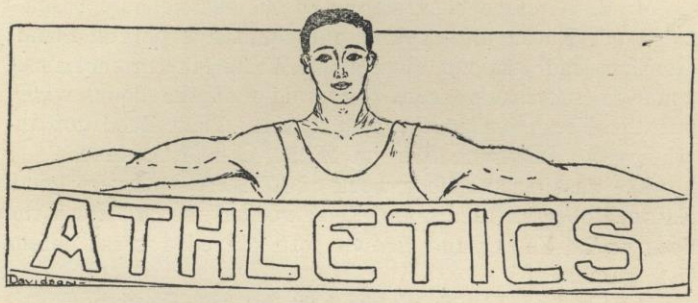
* * *

The girl of prehistoric times
Danced to the tom-tom's din;
Around the twilight fire she leaped,
Arrayed in her bear skin.
The chorus girl of modern times
Amid the jazzy din
Leaps also in the footlight's glare,
Arrayed in her bare skin.—
Signal.

* * *

Words of preachers all remind us
We will live again sometime,
And, departing, know we'll journey
To a dryer, warmer clime.—
Tattler.

"Out of the High Rent District."
LOWENSTEINS
Cor. 4th Ave. & Deaderick Street.
EVERYTHING YOUNGMEN WEAR.




M. B. A., 17; CENTRAL HIGH, 19.

M. B. A. was defeated in their second intra-city game by Central High School by the score of 19 to 17. The game was very slow and uninteresting. There were many bad passes made by both sides. The M. B. A. second team started the game and held their own during the first half; the score being 8 to 6 in M. B. A.'s favor.

Central came back strong and soon took the lead. Coach Emerson then sent in his regulars, but they couldn't get started. Their passing was bad and goal shooting poor.

At the end of the forty minutes the score was a deadlock. In the five minutes play-off M. B. A. scored three points before Central scored. Two goals from the middle of the floor in the last minute of play by Tucker and Ferguson won the game.

The whole Central team played well and deserved to win, for they played better ball than M. B. A. did.

Field goals: Gunn, 1; Blair, 1; Johnson, 1; Eaton, 1; Roberts, 1; Reed, 1; Ferguson, 2; Dugger, 2; Tucker, 2. Fouls: Hardin, 2; Reed, 1; Blair, 1; Johnson, 1; Sloan 3; Ferguson, 1; Tucker, 2; Paul, 1.

M. B. A., 22; VANDY FRESHMEN, 21.

M. B. A. won from the Vanderbilt Freshmen by the score of 22 to 21. The game was very fast and interesting from start to end. First one team was in the lead and then the other. Both showed a good defense. The half ended with the Freshmen leading seven to six.

M. B. A. came back strong in the second half. Goals by Reed, Eaton and Young put them five points ahead; but that lead was cut down when Willie Martin shot three goals in succession from the middle of the floor, which put the Freshmen in the lead again. Then Reed got another goal, and from then on M. B. A. held the lead.

The passing and floor work of M. B. A. was very good. Eaton, Roberts, Hardin and Reed worked the ball down the floor well. Young and Brown both played a great defensive game.

Martin and Taylor played best for the Freshmen.

Line-up:

| M. B. A. (22) | Position | Freshmen (21) |
|---|---|---|
| Roberts (4) | F | Jonas |
| Hardin | F | Taylor (10) |
| Eaton (6) | C | Stuart (5) |
| Young (2) | G | Martin (6) |
| Brown | G | Ledyard |
| Blair (2) for Roberts | | Reed (8) for Hardin |

M. B. A., 39; PEABODY, 30.

Peabody met its first defeat of the season when M. B. A. won from them by the score of 39 to 30. Peabody scored first when Wilson shot two fouls and then followed with a field goal which gave Peabody a four-point lead. After getting off to a slow start, M. B. A. soon took the lead, which they held the rest of the game. The half ended 22 to 11 in M. B. A.'s favor.

In the second half M. B. A. continued to pile up the score, and many substitutions were made. In the last few minutes Peabody rallied and M. B. A. was forced to send the regulars back in to stop it. Peabody played a much better game in the second half with Wilson leading the attack. He scored over half of his team's points.

Hardin and Eaton were tied for high scorers for M. B. A., with 14 points each, with Roberts second with ten points.

The M. B. A. offensive was working well, while Brown and Young played a fine defensive game, forcing the Pea-

body forward to take long shots. Peabody gave a good exhibition of foul shooting, missing only two out of fourteen shots. Dodson and Parrish gave a good account of themselves. They fought hard throughout the game.

M. B. A., 26; CHAPEL HILL, 18.

M. B. A. defeated Chapel Hill for the second time this season at the Y. M. C. A. The final score was 26 to 18.

The game started off slow. The first half was very sluggish, but the second half was much faster. There was no scoring done in the first five minutes of play. M. B. A. was first to score when Roberts shot a foul. Then Chapel Hill took the lead when McBride shot a beautiful goal from the floor. M. B. A. got a goal and Chapel Hill a foul, which tied the score. The score was tied again at 8 all. The half ended with M. B. A. leading 15 to 10.

The second half was much faster and more exciting. The defense of both teams was good. Each team would work the ball down the floor and lose it and the other would take it back. Captain Eaton played best for M. B. A. His floor work and passing was excellent. He led his team in scoring, with eleven points. Young and Brown fought hard throughout the game. They broke up or either intercepted many of Chapel Hill's passes. McBride did most of the scoring for the losers. Osteen and Bell both played good games.

M. B. A., 26; C. M. A., 16.

M. B. A. went down to Columbia and defeated C. M. A. 26 to 16. The game was very slow. The passing of both teams was very poor, and the goal shooting worse. M. B. A. scored in the first few minutes of play, and from then on was in the lead. The half ended with M. B. A. leading 9 to 7.

The second half started off even slower than the first. Our team did not get to going until the last few minutes. The four posts on the gym floor seemed to confuse our boys.

Ed Young played best for M. B. A. He shot four beautiful goals from the middle of the floor. He was high

scorer, with nine points. Howard Eaton played a fine defensive game. Sadler and Leury were best for C. M. A.

M. B. A., 29; CASTLE HEIGHTS, 28.

M. B. A. journeyed down to Lebanon and defeated Castle Heights 29 to 28.

The game was very fast and hard fought throughout. M. B. A. started off with a rush and scored twelve points while Heights scored only 4. The half ended fourteen to twelve in favor of M. B. A.

M. B. A. increased their lead in the second half. They then slowed up and Heights kept cutting down the lead until finally they tied the score at 28 all, with only five seconds more to play. Reed shot a foul just before the whistle blew to end the game.

The whole M. B. A. team gave a good account of themselves. Eaton led M. B. A.'s attack with 9 points, with Reed and Roberts following with 8 and 6 points each. Reed played one of the best games that he has ever played. He was all over the floor and broke up many passes, besides intercepting many.

Brown played a good defensive game, besides shooting a goal from over half the length of the floor. James was the star for Heights, with six field goals, three of these being long shots. Pace and Douglas gave a good account of themselves.

M. B. A., 36; HUME-FOGG, 26.

Montgomery Bell here got revenge on Hume-Fogg for the defeat that they handed us in the first of the season. This was Hume-Fogg's first defeat of the season. It was simply too much "Sweetie," for he just couldn't miss. Out of his first seven shots he made five goals. All of them long shots, too. The game was one of the fastest ever

*The Most Refreshing Drink in the World*

Coca-Cola

AT ALL STORES, CAFES AND STANDS
5c BOTTLE

played on the "Y" floor this year. M. B. A. outclassed Hume-Fogg in every branch of the game.

M. B. A. piled up a lead in the first half that High School was never able to overcome, scoring seventeen points before Hume-Fogg knew what it was all about. The half ended 19 to 8 in M. B. A.'s favor.

Hume-Fogg came back strong in the second half, and pulled within two points of the score several times, only to have Eaton drop one through that would increase the lead. In the last few minutes goals by Eaton, Reed and Roberts gave M. B. A. a ten-point margin. "Sweetie" Reed played the best game of his life. He not only caged eight field goals, but played the floor well and a good defensive game. He was high scorer with 16 points.

Eaton played the floor and his passes were perfect. His four goals in the last five minutes kept M. B. A. in the lead. Brown and Young covered themselves with glory, for they kept the ball away from the M. B. A. goal. The only shots Hume-Fogg got were long ones.

This is the best game that M. B. A. has played so far this year.

Costello, Spain and Bowser Chest played best for Hume-Fogg.

Line-up:

| M. B. A. (36) | Position | Hume-Fogg (26) |
|---|---|---|
| Roberts (5) | F | Spain (8) |
| Reed (16) | F | Currin (1) |
| Eaton (9) | C | Hobbs (2) |
| Young (4) | G | Chest (3) |
| Brown (2) | G | Richter (1) |

Substitutions: Hardin for Brown, Johnson for Young, Costello (11) for Hobbs, Hackman for Costello, Stockman for Currin, Johnson for Chest, Johnson for Spain, Currin for Johnson, Spain for Stockman. Josh Hughes, referee.

M. B. A., 47; PEOPLES-TUCKER, 17.

M. B. A. completely outclassed Peoples-Tucker in every department of the game, and snowed them under 47 to 17.

The game started slow, and it was several minutes before either team scored. The score was tied at five all and then M. B. A. took the lead and was never headed again. The entire second team was put in and the score still kept piling up.

Roberts was the star for M. B. A. with eight field goals and a foul. Hardin was next in scoring with five field goals.

### M. B. A., 43; PEABODY, 35.

M. B. A. eliminated Peabody from the race for the city championship when they defeated them for the second time by the score of 43 to 35.

The game was very fast and hard-fought throughout, with a lot of scoring by both sides. Peabody started off as if they were going to win. Armistead and Wilson shot goals in the first few minutes of the game, and gave their team a four-point lead, but that lead was wiped out when Brown shot a foul and two field goals in succession by Roberts put us ahead. But the score was tied at nine all. Then Young's foul shot put M. B. A. in the lead, which they kept the remainder of the game. The half ended 27 to 16.

Peabody came back strong and pulled within one point of tying the score Roberts was again the star for M. B. A., nine field goals and two fouls, with a total of 20 points.

The passing and floor work of the M. B. A. team was very good, but their defense did not show up as good as it has been.

Baker and Wilson did most of the scoring for Peabody.

### M. B. A., 44; WAVERLY, 21.

M. B. A. went down to Auburn, Ala., to play in the Cotton States Tournament held in that city by the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. In the first round of the tournament M. B. A. drew Waverly as their opponents. M. B. A. got off slow. Waverly scored first. M. B. A, then got in the lead, but the score was tied at 10 all. The half ended with M. B. A. leading 21 to 15.

M. B. A. in the second half played true to form. Their defense was almost perfect, Waverly getting only one field goal.

Roberts and Reed did most of the scoring. The former got 15 points, the latter 14.

Eaton played the floor well and his passes were good. He caged four field goals.

Young and Brown played a great defensive game. Holston was the star for the loser. By winning this game M. B. A. went into the second round of the tournament.

M. B. A., 28; CHAMBERS COUNTY, 37.

M. B. A. was defeated by Chambers County High School by the score of 37 to 28 in the second round of the Cotton States Tournament. The game was very slow and uninteresting throughout. There was no scoring done in the first five minutes. Then Reed shot a foul and a field goal by Roberts gave M. B. A. a three-point lead. Then Richards shot two straight from the center of the floor, which wiped out our lead. But goals by Roberts and Reed gave us the lead again and Chambers County tied the score at nine all. Chambers County then took the lead, which they held the rest of the game. The half ended 19 to 14.

M. B. A. was never able to hit the goals until the last two minutes of play. In these two minutes they scored ten points.

The passing and floor work of the team was good, but their goal shooting was the worst that had been seen in the tournament. Hardin and Young played a good defensive game, while the rest ———!

Richards was high scorer of the occasion, with eight field goals.